How blest are they and only they

"O taste and see that the Lord is good," "Taste," says the psalmist; "taste for your ole pages of rhetoric about it. Ex-Christ lived, in the conscious enjoyment of the assurance of sonship with God.

was the inspiration of the Master's life, and to us a source of peace and of manly strength and influence. My message, therefore, is to-day, "Taste, and you will see that God is good." Do God's will and your doubts will vanish like the mists of the morning, and you will know the truth and find it the bread of life.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Pictures from the Lives of Common People-By One of Them.

The Bird and the Man Who Loves. (A Fable.)

The Man Who Loves lived next door to a Woman who kept an imprisoned red-bird. The Woman had imprisoned the bird bewas beautiful in coat and voice. not a crime and men are not imprisoned for it; birds are. But the birds

The Man Who Loves was a busy man, for he had to work hard, day after day, for his Wife and Child; he loved them most dearly prisonment more than to teach his child to say "Poor Birdie! He is in prison."

day the Woman went away for my bird with you until I return?" The Wife of the Man Who Loves said, "Yes, certain-The window faced the east, and the afternoon and until dusk, when the Loves returned from work. He soon lost in the love of his Child, of the songs the Bird had sung in

The next morning, when the Man Who Loves arose, it was not yet daybreak. He After awhile day began to come. in the eastern sky a change beautiful as the innermost shrine of the then the light came stealing softly dawn was visible. The Man Who Loves the dawn. Presently he forgot that beauty, for he heard a sound from the bird's prison. The Bird rustled, chirped, then burst into a song so full of happy trills and warbled ecstasies that the Man Who Loves wondered. But the joy in the Bird's song did not last, and with the transition from a startled joy to a heart-broken cheerlessness, as the Bird faced a new day of imprisonment, there came a lump into the throat of the Man Who Loves. He knew what the Bird said and wrote it down. It

"Ah!" he sang, "in dreams I wandered O'er the hills and valleys—free! With my paler-coated helpmeet Sought I out a nesting tree; O! Our songs were glad and sweet As the brambles touched my coatdountain waves of gladness beat Trills and peans from my throat.

"Sank the sun in gorgeous cloud-robes, Sank into the purple west, While we flitted home together— Mate and I—and sought our rest. Through the dreamy, fading light Of the dying day, my love Whispered softly, as the night Pitched its somber tent above.

"Dark the night grew in my dreaming; Sweet my rest-alas, how sweet! Till the pearly light was glowing Where the earth and cloudland meet. Then the song I sang in dreams Rippled from my foolish breast As we sang it by the stream; Then I saw-you know the rest."

the Woman returned the Man Who Loves carried the Bird's prison home, with s eyes, and begged the Woman

and the silver throat. "No," she said, looking wonderingly at the man's tears: "he was a present to me What's the matter with your eyes?"

She did not understand. Theory and Practice.

affairs of at least two or three dozen universes, and do it a great deal better than this | the switch to whip yourself with. one is being carried on at present.

forever settling at this particular time was the English language, its origin, present conof imparting the most comprehensive and practical knowledge of this important branch of popular education. The consensus of opinion was voiced accurately, tersely, forcibly, by Frank Melvin, who said:

"The very fountain head of the whole difficutly is this detestable baby talk that idiotic parents twaddle to their innocent and helpless offspring. Oh, it is terrible. If a merciful Providence grant that I ever have a home of dull knife, if ever I chatter such wretched gibberish to any one beneath my tutelage." Ed Wilkins, the wag of the company, said:

As has been remarked by perhaps two or been disputed-"time fled." No story is comight of a few years brought the and this section of the story finds him digging out a living for himself, his wife and twin babies in an Indiana town.

One day he received a telegram from Ed stating that that dear old friend ng for a brief visit at the Melvin home. Frank was delighted, and would show his first visit what a really model home was like. Mrs. Melvin was delighted, because Frank was a boy again for the nonce. Ed came. He was more sedate than in the days gone by, but the old twinkle remained. They talked till a late hour.

When Wilkins awoke at 7 o'clock the next next room, where Frank was dressing one of the jabbering twins:

"Zere now, 'ittle dirly, mamma's dot to dit beckfuss for bables an' papa an' ze manny. Hol' 'till an' let papa put on its 'ittle 'kirt. Zere now-peek! It's all wight, ain't ithey? Ah, 'em ol' hookers an' eyes-es bozzer daddy's ol' finners. Oh! Papa fordot shoetockies. Where's ol' tockies? Whoop-ee! Zere. O want to see 'at footy some more? put it on aden-'at's a nice 'ittle petty. Now, ozzer tocky, now its 'ittle shoesies-button 'em up-one, two, free, four-'at's it! Now, nozzer 'kirt, zen dessy, zen baby all be wedy for beckfuss-'cept dess washin' hannles an' facey-ess her will! Who-o-o ap! Baby ain't a goin' ky? Buz-z-z-! Now her's all

wighty wighty-div papa tiss!"

your tongue," he said. And he showed dge over which you may pass from Melvin a piece of an old note-book.

> The Boy Who Knew Himself. The snow was nearly gone, and what remained was just right for snow bailing. One lone, helpless, defenseless man, who hadn't thrown a ball for so long that a single effort would put his arm in a sling was walking along a side street, when he met a monster in the shape of a small boy with a dinner pail on one arm and a dripping slush ball in both hands. The man shuddered, but marched boldly ahead to meet his dreaded foe, who had a solemn face and big, smile-

The boy said: "Gimme leave, mister? I couldn't hit the side of a barn." "Certainly," assented the man in despera tion, expecting to have his head broken. From a distance of fifteen feet the small

boy hurled the deadly missile-and missed his mark by at least two yards. "There," said the satisfied boy, still without a smile, "what'd I tell you?" And he

The happy man mused thus as he continued on his way: "If that boy's accurate knowledge of his own weaknesses continue to manhood's years, the lad will make a glowing success in life, or a most cheerful S. W. GILLILAN. failure."

Richmond, Ind.

OLD DAYS IN INDIANA.

(Concluded from Ninth Page.) In the east end was a fireplace, projecting outward, built of split puncheons and topped out to above the roof, with split sticks and clay. Into this fireplace we could roll a log three feet long and twenty inches or more in diameter. Over and around this log we could pile a quarter of a cord of smaller wood. The interstices in the walls between the logs were chinked with split bludgeons and clay. The roof was boards, split or rived and three feet long. Inside a shelf some three feet wide and nearly four feet from the floor extended the whole length of the south side. Just above this a log was cut out, and the hole filled with glass. This shelf was the common writing desk for the whole school.

THE GRAY GOOSE QUILL. ends of these, and into these holes long pins were inserted which served as legs to the seats when turned over. These slabs, or seats, were twelve to sixteen feet long, and in height had been made to suit men, so that a child's feet, if he sat in a natural position, would be four to eight inches from the floor. There were no backs, of course. And there we must sit two mortal hours four times a day, whether little or big. Sometimes we would slip forward until our feet would touch the floor, and half stand, half lean against the bench. When tired of this we would reverse the process and slip back until we would balance, and then, with elbows on knees, would drink in the mysteries of Webster and McGuffey.

There were no regular recitations except in spelling, reading, geography and grammar. We could "cipher" until we got tired, and then go to the "desk" and write "many men of many minds" as often as we pleased. Twice each day each class in reading was called up, and, standing in a line, a lesson in McGuffey was read, verse about. Nor was there comment or criticism from the teacher unless you pronounced a word wrong. You could drawl it out a mile long, pay no attention to punctuation and snuff your nose every second word if you wanted to, and there was no comment from him. At noon and again at night the better spellers stood up in a long row and spelled. If a word was missed it was passed on until some one spelled missed it. The one who was head at night

went foot next day. Thus we put in eight hours every day, from 8 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1 to 5 p. m., with fifteen minutes recess in each session. And I doubt if there is a school in the city | black, thickly spangled with glittering stars. of Indianapolis to-day where the pupils make more rapid progress than did we in that old log house, crude as were our appliances, and ignorant as were our teachers. And then the fun. We are all now grayheaded, those of us still left, but I don't believe there is one whose mind does not often revert to that old log schoolhouse-just west of where Purdue now stands-and mark with a white stone each day spent there to

indicate one sun-lit mile in life's journey. But did we ever get whipped? Ah, my boy, you mustn't ask such questions. What! an old gray-headed man get whipped? Well, to release the prisoner with the sad heart | I'll tell you the truth. I never did. And I have met many who went to school in that remote day, and I have never yet met one but what would hold up his foot and swear by the holy hocus-pocus that he, or she, was never whipped: but we had all seen plenty of others get the hickory. You will learn, It was a company of students in a promi- my boy, and before you are as old as I am, that only the good boys get gray-headed. pany knew fully enough to conduct the But the worst part of the whipping-so boys have told me-was having to go out and get And now, as we close the book of the past,

and place these pictures of long ago back in their several niches of memory let us forget that my teacher, Scott, came from Logansport, forty miles "down east" from us. Indianapolis. I. M. STACKHOUSE.

An Old Testament Drama.

Ellen Duvall, in Lippincott. There is one short story in the Second Book of Kings which is wholly dramatic in essence, and the narative form is so subordinate in feeling to the dramatic spirit that even a casual reader, if at all critical, must be impressed by this. Indeed, so essentially dramatic is the story that in close-ly considering it we may say it falls naturally into the necessary acts and scenes, lightly and delicately held together by a thread of narrative which almost serves the purpose of the chorus, although there is absolutely no comment-another dramatic feature-and the subject is left to speak directly to the

The story is the wel-known one of Naaman the Syrian and his recovery from leprosy; and in simplicity, directness, movement and dramatic fire the story cannot be surpassed. It is told, too, with such impartiality that we seem to be looking upon , and such is its rare art that there is absolute freedom from any feeling of the personality of the author. And, though so brief, the narrative holds a great deal; first, the revelation of the political, social and religious conditions of the times; and then within these, which are always the necessary groundwork and frame, there is seen that separate and yet at the same time interdependent play of character which is so itial to the drama. Then, too, the narrative falls inevitably into the usual five acts, and these carry out strictly the Aristotelian analysis of dramatic tragedy—the beginning, increase, climax, declension, consequence or fall—and all takes place in such a way that that purification of the mind by calling forth the feelings of pity and terror, the artistic and ethical aim of ragedy, is fully accomplished In this short story, more than anywhere else, the genius of the Hebrew approaches to that of the Greek, and the passage is

easy between them. The Tell-Tale Face.

The Trained Nurse. The face is a good index to the state of one's physical being, and from it symptoms of disease can be detected almost before the patient is aware that anything serious is the matter with him. For instance, incomplete closure of the eyelids, rendering the whiteness of the eyes visible during sleep, is a symptom in all acute and chronic diseases of a severe type; it is also to be observed when rest is unsound from pain, wherever seated. Twitching of the eyelids, associated with the oscillation of the eyelids, or squinting, herald the visit of convulsions.

Widening of the orifices of the nose, with movements of the nostrils to and fro, point to embarrassed breathing, from disease of the lungs or their plural investment.

Contraction of the brows indicates pain in the head; sharpness of the nostrils, pain in the chest, and a drawn upper lip, pain in the abdomen. The face is a good index to the state of

"LA LOIE," THE GREAT.

CONTAINS 500 YARDS.

Interesting Story of This Ingenious American Girl's Triumph Abroad-A Pet with M. Dumas.

amusement to-day none is more fascinating and unique than "La Loie," and her wonderful dances, with their marvelous effects of light and form. This enterprising and inventive little American woman has conquered artistic Europe by the novelty and beauty of her entertainment, and for the last three weeks she has attracted crowded audiences in New York. It was not originally planned that "La Loie" should on this visit to her native land play anywhere but in New York, but a few days' delay in some European engagements has been secured and she will make a rapid trip to a very few of the largest cities. Dickson & Talbott have arranged for "La Loie's" appearance at English's for one night only, next Thursday. Five of her most famous dances will then be given with all the completeness and elaboration on which she so strenously insists. In a recent interview "La Loie" thus gave her views of

"There are 500 people-some very little nisses-who can twirl a few yards of muslin light, but twirling a few yards of muslin and playing at touch with the lime lightat all can do that-do not make a skirt dancer. To be an artist at your business calls for a life's experience. Your profession is so full of subtleties that you have never

"I leave nothing to chance. I drill my light men, drill them in doing just what I want. I tell them to throw the light so, or so, and they have to do their business with the exactitude of clockwork. This one has to throw a yellow light up to here; that man a blue one no further than here; the man with the red lamp has to follow suit and keep within his circuit also. If you watch the ins and outs of the dance you will see that the colors fall as they do through a prism. How this is done through lime lights is my secret. I arrange the light colors pretty much as an artist arranges his colors on his palette. You must know about colors; the effect of one color on another, and of their combinations also, just as the paints does, and be able to tell how they will appear at such and

"Theme, style, tempo, all differ in one dance from another. A dance is not built up in a day. The 'Fleur de lis.' as my friends in Paris have named it-they are always naming my dances-I had in hand three years before I produced it. I might say the same of my other dances-'Salome.' 'La Nuit.' 'La Danse Blanche, 'Le Firmament,' 'La Danse

"My gowns, or skirts, are made after my. own models, and generally of fine gossamer silk. A good deal of tinkering is necessary to get quite the right thing. For 'The Lily' dance I have 500 yards of dress stuff. In the making up it all disappeared somehow. The dress is twenty feet high, and I fancy something like 100 yards around the skirt. It is made loose from the neck.

"The magic lantern is part of my effects. People have used it before, but I'll warrant I use it to the best advantage. I experimented with it for five years before I took the public into my confidence about it. We work together, the lantern and I. There is not the least slip by chance in the business. I see the colors just as you see them it: then he, or she, went above all who had in a kaleidoscope, know where they will fall and adapt the movements of the dance to their effects. That is how the living picture is made." . . .

> The first of "La Loie's" dances here will be "The Night," and the silk she uses is which reflects every ray like mirrors. And those stars are kept very busy reflecting rays, for from every available vantage point the rays pour down in a whirling, swaying, undulating figure, and in that wondrously beautiful way in which experience and art have taught those who manipulate them. They work on the fleecy waves of silk patterns as mervelous as the light on the breast of a humming bird or the wings of the butterflies of the tropics and as fleeting as whisps of steam in the breeze when the air is frosty Next comes the sensation of the evening "The Fire" dance. Around her feet it is as if coals glowed and from them the fire flashes or curls upward as one might expect to see them flash around a goddess of the element. It is realism and etherialism in one and a veritable triumph of its time. The third number is called the "White Dance," so named, apparently, because the material used in the costume and its wealth of outskirts is colorless. In effect it is a continuous tangle of playful young rainbows off duty, which dance together and tumble each other about and play tag around and about "La Loie" in a way which would undoubtedvoman who is not so habituated to having rainbows for playfellows. "The Firmament is the fourth dance, and in its scope it includes the throwing of fleecy white clouds on the floating silken spaces, as well as on the deep blue depths of the sky, with the huge moon and stars in view. Then comes a huge rose in full bloom and more rainbows. The last effect is called "The Lily of the Nile" and it is brought about by the use of a vastly increased amount of the filmy silk. At first this is utilized to make a greatly exagerated head-dress of the kind that Egyptian women wear, showing only the eyes, and later on to whirl out wings and whirli-gigs of amazing size. The climax is a master stroke and the entire fabric whirls into the form of a huge calla llly, in the core of which "La Loie" is hidden, and as it floats apart she stands upright among the graceful folds heaped around her on the

> In Loie Fuller's company are two people of much stage renown, viz: Marshall P. logue entertainer. Then comes Fanny Wentworth, known in London and New York as the "female Grossmith." Miss Wentworth has been for weeks at Hammerstein's Olym-pla, New York, and has delighted thousands of people at that famous resort. The advance sale for "La Loie's" one night here will begin to-morrow morning at the Pem-

"LA LOIE" IN PARIS.

The Chicago Girl First Introduced

Dumas and Flammarion. Of all American women who go abroad, none, perhaps, has made her name so well known in Paris as Loie Fuller, of Chicago, where her family still resides. While "La Loie" is talked about by the rabble, great men of France crowded to make her acquaintance. During the 555 nights in Paris when she appeared in "Salome," the first play from America produced at the gay capital, she became the pet of Paris celebrities. "La Loie" had the honor of introducing two of the most celebrated men of France, the late Alexander Dumas fils and Camille Flam-

"I shall never forget the night,' she says, in an interview. 'I was playing at the Comedie Parisienne, and they met in my dressing room. I noticed that they did not speak and I proceeded to introduce them. My imperfect Franch made them both laugh heartily-if I lived in Paris fifty years I do not think I should ever learn to speak the language properly—but I succeeded in making them understand what I meant. After they had shaken hands Flammarion said:
"It is strange, M. Dumas, that we have never met before." "Not so strange,' replied Dumas, in his brusque manner, 'you live in the clouds and I am a resident of the earth.'
"True,' said Flammarion, smiling, but I

have returned to earth long enough to meet this little star from America. "Wasn't that a compliment, and from such a man? But, just think of it. I had the pleasure of bringing together two of the When Frank had ended this voluble cration abdomen.

It is rescued, and a concert serves to introduce friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a charming reminiscence of M. Dumas was that the upper third of the brain, the expression in affections of the brain, the middle third in diseases of the organs contained in London Black and White recentions.

To make a general rule, it may be stated friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to introduce friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to introduce friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to introduce friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to introduce friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to introduce friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to face friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to face friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to face friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to face friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to face friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to face friendship begun in my dressing room lasted that the upper third of the face is altered in a concert serves to face friendship begun in an a concert serves to face friendship begun in an a concert serves to face friendship begun in an a concert serves to face friendship begun in an a concert serves to

cellent insight into the taciturn Dumas's life, it is worth reproducing here. The article

"LA LOIE" ON DUMAS.

"Though Alexandre Dumas had a magnificent fin-de-siecle apartment in the Rue Ampere in Paris, I liked best to visit him in hi big, rambling country home at Marly-le-Roi. He honored me with his friendship shortly after I appeared at the Folies Bergeres. was introduced to him by M. Eugene Poule, minister from Hayti, whose father had been his father's friend. Dumas always treated me with the greatest kindness. I may say that he humored me; for, perhaps, I acted towards him in a way different from that assumed by any other denizen of stageland One day, I remember, on arriving at Marly head between my hands and kissed his crown of beautiful white curly hair. Do not be shocked—he wasn't. The others greeted him in the ordinary French fashion of kissing both cheeks. He laughed heartily and discovered a row of the finest, whitest teeth shaded by a large moustache. He had the of blue eyes. On his walls he had rare delft ware plates. I asked him jocularly one day if he had not stolen some of the blue of those plates and introduced it in some way into his eyes. He laughed and launched a pet name at me. You are not Fuller,' said

"I say that I liked to see him best amid the trees of Marly. I mean that exactly. The man, who was such a master at delineating the life of cities, such a brilliant dramatic historian of the hopes and disappointments of drawing rooms, locked most at home inside the high walls that shut him in from the world. He was tall, stalwart and graceful. He generally wore loose fabrics of flannel and a soft, white felt hat, whose brim was turned every way. I shall never forget him walking slowly along the gravel path of his garden, up the terrace, under the arching affected. He spoke slowly to me; I suppos prepared you for the house's interior, just as the prefaces to his plays prepared readers for the context of his plays. I noticed a statue of his father in the garden to the left of the house, down some old stone steps. noticed, also, the conservatories. "'You see,' he remarked with a gesture, 'my house is defended by ramparts of flowers instead of by ramparts of modern guns.'

"LA LOIE'S" BON MOT. "'Ah, yes, Maitre,' said I, 'but you have weapons concealed on your person.' 'How? he asked innocently.

"'The mitrallleuses of wit,' I answered. "That was the only time I really said anything approaching flattery to him, so I beg the compliment conveyed the truth.

"From the garden you entered the ground floor of the house through long windows flush with the piazza. On this ground floor were the dining room and the sitting room. Th library of Dumas on the first floor was full of bright books and cheerful pictures. Up a short flight of stairs, away from all disturbing influences, was the studio. It was an airy, windowy, sunshiny room, and commanded a superb view. The loveliest paintings and statuary made it seem more like painter's studio than a literary study There, at a large plain table, in the middle of the atelier, littered with papers, the master wrote. He generally wrote in the morning. He never wrote by gaslight, he told me. I shall not speak of his works. He never spoke at length of them to me, though once he told me how he dashed off 'The Lady of Camelias,' the novel whereon the famous play is founded. 'I needed money in those days,' said he. 'I exiled myself to a country place near St. Germains. I had nothing wit me but ink, pens, paper, my valise and my thoughts. I worked all day and deep into the night for two weeks. At the end of that time I returned to Paris with a manuscript. I had luck. I sold it.

"At the time the drama 'Le Collier de la Reine' was produced, I went to see Dumas, and asked him whether he had not a proprie tary interest in that play. He answered that he had a small interest in it. 'But I have lost much by the tricks of plagiarists,' he added. 'You are not the only one who has learned that the law does not sufficiently protect inventive brain power.' Speaking of his dramatization of his father's novel, 'Joseph Balsamo,' he mentioned that on the eve of the production of that play he had said to the critics in the lobby: If the play succeeds, the honor will be my father's; if i falls, the discredit will be mine.' Of all his plays he seemed to me to like 'Le Demi plays he seemed to me to like 'Le Demi Monde' best. What a play that is, to be sure! I quite understand his partiality.

"Dumas was the most fascinating of hosts. His air of thoughtful deference was certain to make you feel as though you favored him by your visit. During one of my ne'er-to-be-forgotten sojourns at Marly, Prince Primoli, nephew of Napoleon III, took out his kodak and reproduced the photographs which accompany this article. The dramatist at my request kindly signed them, and cherish them as I do his memory. When l left the home of Dumas for the station to take the train back to Paris, the master always accompanied me. Sometimes we walked, sometimes we drove in a delightful little phaeton drawn by two spanking little black ponies. I noticed one peculiarity about these ponies. They invariably ran up hill and invariably walked down hill.

"'How funny,' I exclaimed to Dumas one day, pointing out this peculiarity to him.
"'Ah, Folle,' said he, half sadly, 'the antics of these young ponies often remind me of my own life. When I was young and had hills of obstacles to climb I ran. Now, that am old and tired and have no more hills or obstacles before me, I walk slowly. "We came to the station. The engine was puffing. The train was lined along the platform. Dumas escorted me to the coupe, gave me his hand, and took off his soft, white felt

"I then little thought that I should never see that great old man again."

"Shore Acres" Next Week. The beautiful play, "Shore Acres," which James A. Herne has won such an traction at the Grand Opera House, opening for three nights and matinee on Monday, April 6. "Shore Acres" is the best type of the pastoral play yet produced in this country and in it Mr. Herne is seen to excellent advantage. The one-hundredth representation of the play in Chicago was celebrated in that city on Monday evening, March 23.

Mr. Herne has lately received offers for his play from Sweden, Austria and France. Ne-gotiations are still pending for the produc-tion of "Shore Acres" in London by Mr. Herne and his present company. The advance sale for "Shore Acres" will be open next Thursday morning at the Pembroke.

Park-New "Night Owls." Manager Fred Rider will present his new "Night Owls" at the Park the first half of the week in a novel idea in burlesque entitled "A Pack of Cards," which has been specially written for him. The costumes and scenic effects are attractive. Some leading lights of vaudeville and burlesque are with this company, including Miss Florence Miller, the Southern beauty; Sam Collins, the comedian who was so well received with the "Black Crook;" Mabel Hazelton, the dancer; "Black Crook;" Mabel Hazelton, the dancer;
Gordon and Lick, musical stars; Lew Carroll, parodist; Mildren Conner, Blanche Walworth, May Clark Van Osten, and the four
sisters Vaughn, in the "Druid Dance," the
Broadway Chappies, the French Reval, a
novelty from Paris, and "The Christian's
Dream," in which the Egyptian princess, "Kuta-Kuta," will be seen in a novel dance.
On Thursday James A. Reilly and his comedy company open a three days' engagement in "A German Soldier," which has never been seen here. It will be repeated on Friday, while on Saturday Mr. Reilly will present his old favorite, "The Broom

"Zero" at the Empire.

The writers of legitimate drama must always preserve at least a semblance of probability and continuity. Such is not the case with authors of burlesque or spectacular. They can allow their ideas to stray into the realms of fancy, and, throwing aside all restraint, abandon themselves and their creatures of fancy to no law or will but their own. In this connection "Zero," the spectacular phantasy which is the Empire's next attraction, is a good example. "Zero" has a slight plot and a story, but they are not necessary to its success. It is a mixture of mirth and music. The opening scene of "Zero" is laid in the Manhattan Athletic Club parlor, in New York city, and it is here that the light story of "Zero" is unfolded. An eccentric Irishman has inherited immense wealth on the condition that he shall atwealth on the condition that he shall attempt to discover the north pole. He wagers with an English friend on the success of his venturesome trip. He fits out the ship "Zero" and invites his friends to accompany him on his journey. The ship "Zero" is seen lying at anchor. In this scene a bit of everyday life, as it is seen on the "east side" of the great metropolis, is given. In scene four the deck of the ship "Zero" is shown while en route to the polar regions. During the trip a standard theatrical party is rescued, and a concert serves to introduce

and dancers; Miss M. Florence Edwards, in trative of scenes in the icy regions, while the electrical climax is a picture in which the entire company and scenery are Elum-inated with hundreds of electric lights.

Notes of the Stage. The "Merry World" is coming soon to the It has been several seasons since "The Old Homestead" was seen here. This favorite play comes to the Grand the last half of

"The Fire Dance," in which Lole Fuller resembles a mass of flames is a marvelous exhibition of how calcium and electric lights can be manipulated. For fully five minutes this little wonder keeps one guessing whether she is really a-fire or not.

The stage hands at English's during the Irving-Terry engagements did such good work that they were given a supper by the London Lyceum Company, and Harry Grace, head stage carpenter for Dickson & Talbott, received a present from the Irving-Terry management

It was the famous American novelist, William Dean Howells, who first predicted the great success of James A. Herne's beautiful play, "Shore Acres." Mr. Howells read the play before it was produced and wrote th above opinion of it to Mr. R. M. Field, the manager of the Boston Museum, where the oad next season by William A. Brady will James J. Corbett, in "A Naval

Maurice Barrymore, in "Roaring Dick & Co;" the spectacular drama, "Under the Polar Star;" the dramatization of Edward W. Townsend's novel, "A Daughter of drama, "Cuba," by James W. Harkins, jr.; the farce, "All for a Girl," by Alive E. Ives; Sutton Vane's "Cotton King," and "Humanity," a twenty-thousand-dollar production of the fairy spectacle, "Snow Flake," and a new play of Bowery life introducing Charles B. Ward.

CHARMS OF PEDESTRIANISM.

Means of Travel Whose Pleasures Should Not Be Overlooked.

In America the pedestrian is looked upon either as a tramp or as a fugitive from justice, and is, consequently, narrowly watched. The average chance acquaintance whom he meets is unable to comprehend the reason of this so-called enjoyment. In fact, he never even thought of pleasure and walking as associated. In Germany and most of the continental countries the very opposite view is taken, and in almost every locality the traveler afoot will receive much assistance and encouragement from all classes. The students of the world's most famous universities, seeking relaxation from study and yet, at the same time, picking up much from the contact with their fellow-men, take long tours through central Europe. They thus make a study of life, of the various peoples and their institutions, of the styles of architecture and, incidently, pick up some history and, oftentimes, a knowledge of the languages. In fact, they

America has produced one great pedestrian, one whose footsteps will be retraced by hundreds of enthusiastic young Americans, who, however, will, many of them forget to first make a few preparatory tours in their own land. Bayard Taylor, in his "Views Afoot," has pictured in glowing colors the pleasure of a pedestrian tour. We can feel, admire, delight with him when we read that book which, better than any other of modern European travel, depicts the glory and charm of Europe America has grown, it has become more settled, the tides of emigration have washed over the Western prairies for nearly a century, leaving here and there community or settlement, based some peculiar ideas, or having a distinct dialect, or colonized by some religious sect. The Swedes of the Northwest, the mountaineers of eastern Tennessee and Kentucky, the 'Latter Day Saints" of Utah, are all instances. Even in this land of freedom there were reformers, who, failing to attain their ends elsewhere, came to the West, with its then seemingly boundless prairies. Among these was Robert Dale Owen, with his New Harmony colony. The general ignorance concerning this community was surprising, even depressing, until within the last year, through the agency of several newspaper critics, the people were instructed in the history of this most interesting settlement. We have in our very midst a form of speech which is generally spoken of as the "Hoosier dialect," and which, through the instrumentality of Indiana's great poet, James Whitcomb Riley, has been brought to the notice not merely of Indianians, but of Americans. They are few, if any, who are ignorant of the existence of such a dialect, yet how many Indianians are there who have come in personal contact with it, have heard it spoken through other means than the pen of Riley, who have heard the Hoosier farmer himself speak of it? You cannot select the very place where you will find it. You must search for it, not in towns, where it has been rounded off by contact from without, but in the farm houses which dot the coun

try roads.

Traveling, in those good old days, before we were hurled through space at a rate of fifty miles an hour, was real, true, enjoyable. In olden times, before the steamboat and steam engine, those powerful twin brothers, had encircled the globe in their arms, travel moreover afforded a broad education to all. One had the time, even when hurrying on business of great import, to meet, converse with and study the various people. But now all is different, and, for the sake of convenience, we let knowledge pass us without even so much as a greeting. The lamentable ignorance of European travelers concerning America and the American people in particular can be accounted for their haphazard jumping from one large city to another, and in so doing skipping the real substance of our

What a pretty picture of English life is contained in the Canterbury Tales. The very thought of that gay band recalls to the mind many sweet memories and fills us with pleasure. Goldsmith and Byron were themselves travelers, Homeric bards. Centuries ago Virgil, the Roman Homer, was picturing the pleasures of travel. All of these sang of travel as it was before our modern Titans detracted from its enjoyments. But since that event has there been a single poem of any note dedicated to travel which gave a feeling of pleasure similar to that imparted by those "master spirits?" No! In travel, as in everything the world over, the same law holds that where we gain in one respect we lose in another, and in the attainment of speed, convenience and ease we allow knowledge to escape. But partly through the influence of wheel safely tread the highways of America with-out being regarded as an escaped convict out being regarded as an escaped convict or, as was more often the case, a madman. Indiana affords much to the pedestrian, and, with its communities founded by different nationalities and sectarian bodies, and its distinctly Hoosier dialect, it offers many inducements. In the southern and southeastern sections of the State the scenery is delightful. Everything tends to excite that interest in Dedestrianism which has larged for the last half century.

There are, in the immediate vicinity of Indianapolis, many small towns to which an expedition may be made in a single

Indianapolis, many small towns to which an expedition may be made in a single day. Out the national road to Cumberland is a most pleasing walk; it is, moreover, an excellent preparatory tramp, for the pedestrian, if wearied, may return by rall. The facts connected with the history of this highway are interesting, and the more so if gathered fresh while traveling the road itself. Southport and Gienn's Valley, on the south, are short and exceedingly interesting tramps, and if, on the latter, the traveler should swing around towards the west to West Newton, he would have taken the most beautiful journey about Indianapolis. No one can forget Allisonville, while beautiful Millersville is familiar to all wheelmen. The fascination of these and many other trips so holds one that he is led a ready victim to start out on the next holiday to renew his acquaintance with nature and the people. SAMPSELL WATTE MANSFIELD.

Was Grateful to the Preacher.

"The man who said, "tis the unexpected

OUR BRANCH STORE

The Most Beautiful Bicycle Store in America. :: :: GRAND DISPLAY OF :: ::

A new and complete line of Sundries at Moderate Prices. EASY PAYMENTS.

Call and examine these beautiful Bicycles and ask for a free copy of the "BEN-HUR MARCH." We are sole agents for the

TINKHAM CARRIER FOR DELIVERY.

Cor. Penn. and Market Streets,

Central Cycle Mfg. Co.

ARCHITECTS.

W. SCOTT MOORE & SON..12 Blackford Block, Washington and Meridian Sts.

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS-Wholesale.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO-Wholesale. INDIANA CIGAR CO...... Street. TISH-I-MINGO CIGAR 220 East Washington Street.

DYE HOUSES.

GENERAL TRANSFER-HOUSEHOLD MOVING

ICE CREAM-Wholesale and Retail.

JEWELRY-Wholesale. FRED H. SCHMIDT...... 32 Jackson Place, opp. Union Station.

LIVERY, BOARD and HACK STABLES. ROTH & YOUNG (Day or Night Service. 'Phone 1061) 80 West Market Street.

LOANS ON DIAMONDS, WATCHES, Etc.

MANTELS AND GRATES-Wholesale.

PATENT ATTORNEYS.

PICKLES AND PRESERVES-Wholesale. INDIANAPOLIS PICKLING AND PRESERVING CO. 200 South Pennsylvania St.

REAL ESTATE. C. W. PHILLIPS ... (Insurance and Building and Loan), 70 Monument Place.

STAGE DANCING.

PROF. RAYNO 130 West Ohio Street SHOW CASES

WILLIAM WIEGEL...... S West Louisiana Street.

TICKET OFFICES-Cut Rates.

Jaster Novelties

Fancy Eggs, Rabbits, Baskets, Chicks and Ducks.

Charles Mayer & Co. 29 and 31 West Washington Street.

ing about the Father's tender wisdom in caring for us all," he said. "I illustrated by saying that the Father knows which of by saying that the Father knows which of us grow best in sunlight and which of us must have shade. 'You know you plant roses in the sunshine,' I said, 'and helitrope and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow you must keep them in a shady nook.' After the sermon, which I hoped would be a comforting one, a woman came up to me, her face glowing with a pleasure that was evidently deep art true. 'O doctor —, I am so grateful for that sermon,' she said, clasping my hand and shaking it warmly. My heart glowed for a moment, while I wondered what tender place in her heart and life I had touched. Only for a moment, though. 'Yes,' she went on, fervently, 'I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias.'"

Women from the Turkish Harems. To Therapia I once took ship, the dainti-est little ship, all cushions and rugs, manned by two boatmen in white balloon trousers, with yards and yards of stuff to each leg, and Greek jackets, embroidered with gold. And from Stenia to the "Sweet

Waters of Asia," an "Arabian Nights" sort of place, with an exquisite Moorish fountain of marble, and great trees shading flocks and bunches of houris in white yashmaks and embroidered feredjes of nauve, yellow and pink, out for an airing rom their harems; all on mats and rugs pread on the grass, attended by black eunuchs as black as terrapins' paws, and as wrinkled and leathery.

They chattered and laughed and munched bonbons, and partook of roseleaf jelly, sitting with their tiny feet tucked under them, Turkish fashion, their cigarettes perfuming the still air, until their calques gathered

SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES ATKINS E. C. & CO.. Manufacturer and Repairer of CIRCULAR. CROSS-CUT, BAND and all other linois street, 1 square south Union

SAWS BELTING and EMERY WHEELS SPECIALTIES OF

W. B. Barry Saw and Supply Co 122 S. PENN. ST. All kinds of Saws repaired



ounders and Machinists Mill and Elevator Builders, In-Roller Mills, Mill Gearing, Belling, Bosting Cloth, Grain-cleaning Machinery, Middlings Purifiers Portable Mills, etc. Take street cars for stock yarda

Absolute safety against Fire and Burgiar. Finest and only vanit of the kind in the State. Policeman day and night on guard. Designed for safe keeping of Money, Bonds, Wille, Doo'ls, Abstracts, Silver Plate